

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Two heads are better than one, except when there is but one pillow.

The water in Charleston harbor has deepened from six inches to a foot since the earthquake.

A woman always tells a secret to some one because she is afraid she might die and there would be no one left to keep it. "After much research and investigation," he said, "I am convinced that boarding-house chickens are hatched from hard-boiled eggs."

They were at the circus: "Have you ever seen Mile. La Rue's great feat?" "No," she replied. "Is she a Chicago or St. Louis woman?"—[Merchant Traveler.]

She—Isn't that papa coming? He—How provoking! I was just going to steal a kiss. She—(Innocently)—He's awfully near-sighted, Charley, awfully!—[Fid Bits.]

As a rule man's a fool, when it's hot he wants it cool; when it's cool he wants it hot; always wanting what's his no; never liking what he's got. As a rule man's a fool, Young Mifflin—I wish you'd tell me, Mrs. Winks, whether it isn't true that if a woman says she hates a man she really loves him. Mrs. Winks—It depends upon circumstances. Was the woman you alluded to talking about her husband? "No; she isn't married!" "Oh then it means love."

## Base Balls for Seed.

Mr. John H. Grimes, Jr., of Burgin, has discovered a principle of vegetable growth which may prove a gold mine if properly handled and developed. His youngest son, Harold, is extremely fond of base ball, as every well regulated young man is, but his father, disapproving of the sport, would always take away from him a base ball whenever one was found on his person and plant it in the yard beneath about one foot of solid earth, where he reasonably supposed it was safe. But, Phoenix-like, a vine had sprung up from these buried implements of the national game, which has produced with marvelous rapidity three full-grown, perfectly shaped base ball bats, which depend from the mother stem in just the proper position to knock a three-bagger to center field from a drop ball. The bat brought to our office was 40 inches long, a trifle over the usual length, and 16 in. around the "bulge." This singular endorsement of the national game by a freak of nature can be seen at this office. Mr. Grimes contemplates planting 10 acres in base next season and hopes to supply the Kentucky market.—[Harrodsburg Democrat.]

This is given as a recipe for exterminating rats: Dissolve two ounces of glue, two ounces of tincture of arsenic, and two ounces of kerosene in water, and add one-half ounce of phosphorus to the mixture. Then in a wire cage trap, baited with corn meal scented with oil of rose, catch two or three rats, & they are very numerous more will be necessary; since the hair of these in such a way as to hurt them as little as possible, then give them a slight coating with the above mixture, heated warm; let them loose in their holes, and there will be no trouble with the rats for months to come. This mixture will last two years. Or they may be temporarily exterminated by taking chloride of lime and scattering it dry all around and into their holes, and wherever they haunt, and they will leave at once.

SPRANGE POWER OF ODORS.—The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in distilling turpentine do not suffer from malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tennessee, persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate, the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before, and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—[Boston Journal.]

Millions of mothers all over the United States gather their little ones around them never dreaming that by the law they have no right to these children. They do not know that the sole legal right to children rests with the father in all except three of the States. Most men do not know it. A majority of fathers, if they did know it, would never assert their right against the mother. But now and then a father who, as bad as the law knows his legal rights and assumes them.

"Man wants but little here below!" The statement causes mirth; it might have been in early times, but now he wants the earth.

MART SMITH.  
Granted Bail in \$3,000 for the Murder of O. C. Smith.

The application of Mart Smith for bail was heard Thursday night and Friday morning. Mart testified that on the day of the killing he met J. F. Hocker and O. C. Smith about a mile out of town as he was coming in and that O. C. hallowed twice at him to stop, but he paid no attention and rode on. On looking back he saw O. C. with a pistol in his hand shouting, "stop, you d—n son of a b—h, I want to speak to you." O. C. had gotten out of the buggy and was walking towards him. He then went back and got his horse and followed him to town. "I went to Nunnally's to put up my horse and then started to Harris' to get something to eat. I saw O. C. coming, however, and knew that he was after me, so I went into Metcalf & Foster's and asked Tom Metcalf the price of a gun, which he stated was \$40. Tom said 'I expect that is a finer one than you wish to buy.' I answered 'I have been followed long enough and am getting tired of it.' Metcalf said he would not sell it to him if he wanted to kill anybody, but while he went back into the store he loaded it with cartridges marked No. 8, after taking out the small shot and replacing them with buck shot. Then he went up street to get a drink at the Portman saloon, determined that it should be his last and that if he did not meet O. C. he would put the gun away and go home. He saw him, however, near the Myers House and asked him what he meant by following him. He replied 'I mean this,' and drew his pistol and snapped twice, when I shot at him. He rushed towards me and I shot him again." In regard to previous troubles, he testified that in Bright & Metcalf's store here last Christmas O. C. had called him a G—d—n son of a b—h, saying don't you speak to me; and at McKinney on Feb. 9, of this year, he met O. C. Smith in Jones' store, accompanied by a brother and an uncle, and two uncles, and on this occasion O. C. said to Mart, "you are the G—d—n son of a b—h that killed my mare, and I have a great notion to fill you full of holes." Mart told him he did not, but O. C. would not listen to anything he said. After this, as Mart walked out of the store, he met O. C. who said to him, "I've a notion to fill you full of bullet holes." To this Mart said nothing and went away.

Alfred Ellison testified that he saw Mart walking along the street with a gun; saw him stop at the Myers House corner and saw O. C. with pistol in hand when Mart fired the first shot.

Tom Robinson said he saw Mart with a gun and as he was walking by the Myers corner he understood Mart to ask somebody a question; didn't understand what Saw Mart fire, but did not see O. C. shot.

Spears Fisher's testimony was that he was standing in the middle of Depot street; saw Mart Smith come up the street with a gun in his hand; saw O. C. draw a pistol after he was shot the first time.

D. S. Jones corroborated Mart Smith's statement in regard to what happened in his store at McKinney. Heard O. C. accuse Mart of killing his horse. In regard to O. C.'s character he considered him rather a dangerous man.

Cleora Reynolds was called on as to the character of O. C. Smith, who said that he was wild and especially overbearing when drinking.

Joe Hocker, with whom O. C. was riding when he met Mart on the Hustonville pike, said that O. C. Smith got out of his buggy after Mart had passed and called to Mart to stop, that he wished to see him. Mart paid no attention; he called again and still he rode on. Hocker understood O. C. to say to Mart "go on, then, d—n you." After O. C. had said this he came back where Hocker was and said to him "my horse won't lead, so I'll go back and go the knob route."

Charles Epperson considered O. C. a dangerous man, wild and reckless.

Frank Green was standing near the Myers House bar room talking to O. C. Mart stopped as he passed and said to O. C., "d—n you defend yourself," and then shot. O. C. got his pistol out after both shots were fired. Green said that the first shot staggered O. C. and that he went 25 or 30 feet down the alley towards the creek.

Peter Hanton testified that he and R. R. Gentry were standing on the wooden crossing that goes from McRoberts' corner to the Commercial Hotel; saw Mart come up the street and shoot without saying anything. Saw O. C. draw his pistol after the first shot.

A telegram from Grover Curran corroborated the statement as to what happened in Bright & Metcalf's store last Christmas.

Mr. Hester testified that he saw O. C. come to town about 10 minutes before he was shot, riding rapidly.

Monroe Smith said that O. C. frequently passed his farm and each time he did so he would hallow at one end and shoot off his pistol at the other end of his lane.

Other witnesses swore that O. C. fell with a pistol in his hand and that he had another in his pocket, and still others as to the character of the deceased, but the above is in substance about all that was brought out. Mr. Herndon argued against the right of the prisoner to bail and Mr. Miller for it. Judge Morrow took the matter under consideration and announced during

the day that he would give Smith the benefit of the doubt in the case and allow him bail in \$5,000. Afterwards he took some testimony in regard to Smith's ability to give bail and reduced the amount to \$3,000.

"The queerest wedding trip I ever heard of," said a station-master at the West Side depot, "took place one day last week. The couple were from a little corn and hog station down on the Burlington, and they came up on one of the morning trains. They went into the waiting-room upstairs and remained there the whole day. At noon they brought out a bit of lunch and ate together. Only once or twice did the groom venture beyond the station walls, and the cries of the hackman quickly frightened him back. The bride had a great curiosity to go over closer to the river so she could see the shipping, but the groom was afraid to leave the station for fear of getting lost. Notwithstanding the seeming monotony of the day they were as happy as clams all day long sitting a hold of each other's hands. When evening came they took the night train for home, where they were doubtless, received as a hero and heroine after their adventure taking in the wonders of Chicago."

The story is told of a good Methodist brother, an itinerant, who sought shelter for the night at a certain farmhouse. The women demurred, but there had been a long drought, and when the minister suggested that his prayers might move the Lord to send the rain, she consented to let him stay. During the night the floods came, and when the good woman came down in the morning and found her fences and chicken coops had sailed off for parts unknown she was much cast down. "I might have known better," said the poor woman, as she cast a rueful glance out of the window. "I might have known better than to let a Methodist come into my house, for they always go into everything with all their might, and I don't want any of 'em to pray any more for rain for my benefit—no, never—if the land dries up till it cracks open."—[Harper's Bazar.]

A STRANGE DOCTRINE.—The liquor men frequently assert that "prohibition don't prohibit," and that more liquor is sold where prohibitory legislation is in force than before it was enacted. If so, it is very strange that they should form organizations, spend money in elections, lobbying and in the courts to resist and defeat prohibition legislation. If it increases the sale and consumption of liquor, as they assert, where is the ground for their protest against interference with their business and destruction of their industry? If "prohibition don't prohibit" and increases the sale of liquor, as they claim it does, they ought to be heartily in favor of it, from a business point of view.—[Catholic Advocate.]

A GENTLE HINT.—He had been courting her a long time, so long that she began to get tired; so one night he said to him: "John, who is the author of the phrase, 'Man proposes?'"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered John. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I merely wanted to know who he was."

"For what reason?"

"Because I guess he didn't know what he was talking about."

Five minutes later the wedding day was set.—[Boston Courier.]

"Won't you allow me to invite you to take a drink with me?" asked a lively youth of a solemn looking man in the ministerial garb. "Young man," replied the solemn person, "did you ever hear Abraham Lincoln's remark to a man who invited him to drink?" "Oo, well, you needn't feel insulted," said the young man, somewhat aggrieved. "Not at all, not at all! But did you ever hear Lincoln's remark?" "No, I guess not. What did he say?" "Well, he said 'I'll go with you. Where shall we meet?'"

Coming up on the train the other day we overheard a "young man from the country" ask a brakeman "how much do you get a month?" "Two hundred and fifty dollars a month," said the man. "Goodness, you ought to get rich at that lick!" "Yes," said the brakeman, "I ought, but as I have to pay \$205 a month to ride on the train in order to do my work, I am not able to save much after all."—[Carlin's Mercury.]

A \$10,000 bill is the largest denomination of greenbacks made by the government. They are of greenish tint with black letters and on one side is a picture of—but we are a poor hand at description. Come around some afternoon and we will show you a lot of 'em.

A Louisville lady dreamed that her husband's spoke appeared to her in the night and took her where a treasure was buried in the back yard. She went there the next morning in company with a reporter and dug up \$240 in gold.

Queen Victoria during the 49 years of her reign has spent only 12 days in Ireland, and Mr. Labouchere wants her to celebrate her jubilee by giving in memory of those 12 days 12 pence to each inhabitant of the neglected land.

Use Green Cough Balsam for coughs and colds. Price 50c. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

A Pleasant Occasion.  
[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

MCKINNEY, Nov. 13.—The accommodating Wm. George, proprietor of the Verdah Hotel at this place and his elegant wife, gave the young folks an excellent social on the evening of Nov. 12th, in honor of their cousin, Miss Ida Wilson, of Moberly, Mo. In spite of the threatening storm-clouds, the much rain and wind, which seemed destined to interfere, the crowd began to assemble at 6:30 and by 7:30 the assembled crowd numbered about 40. Among the ladies present were Misses Florence Enea, Katie McKinney, Lizzie Adams, Jessie Brown, Jennie Johnston, Jennie Bibb, Luana Bibb, Lillie Tanner, Laura Owens, Ida Waters, Eva Reynolds, Mary Coleman, Nannie Williams, Lillie Owens and Annie Hocker, of McKinney. Misses Belle Jones and Bettie McKinney, of Mt. Salem. Misses Helen Stiffley and Foxie Pennington, of Stanford. Miss Ida Wilson, of Moberly, Mo.

Among the gentlemen present were X. Reynolds, Dr. E. M. Estes, C. B. Adams, Ed. Tanner, Varney Tanner, John S. Ward, K. L. Tanner, Jr., James Bibb, Maj. M. Sigal, M. D. Fair, Mike Jones and J. H. Vanhook, of McKinney; Messrs. Shannon and John McKinney, of Mt. Salem; Rosa George, of Lexington, Ky. At 8:30 the proprietor announced supper, and we marched down to the spacious dining-hall. The table was the picture of beauty and was decorated with evergreens, tropical fruits, ice cream and various kinds of fine cakes were served in abundance. After heartily partaking of the good things, we retired to the parlor and there enjoyed social converse until 11 o'clock, at which time the crowd adjourned, with the hope of meeting again soon under the same circumstances. All owe Mr. and Mrs. George many thanks for their hospitality and the good time they afforded them. H.

A young man in the interior of Iowa has invented a change in the construction of engines. He dispenses with the steam chest and the governor balls, and in place of the latter he employs a pendulum which permits the outflow of steam at an unvarying speed, but the slightest increase of velocity in the engine lessens the time that the steam has to escape into the cylinder. The apparatus thus effects an instantaneous check upon its own irregularities, which are comparatively slow when the governor is used, and it has the additional advantage of using less steam, while it largely simplifies the working gear. A trial engine has been constructed, and is said to work well.—[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

"Fellow democrats," said an orator at a political meeting in Texas one evening last week in a most impressive manner, "the deliberate judgment of mankind will sustain us in the principles enunciated in our platform. We can go before the whole world with our candidates and challenge, ay, defy any man to say a word against them. My friends, go with me to the bar of public opinion and test this matter. Call up the witnesses." This was the way he meant to round the period, but when he had uttered the words "go with me to the bar," the entire audience rose with a yell and the speaker was carried on the shoulders of four men to a neighboring saloon. It cost him \$40.60 to resume his speech.

In the territory covered by the United States there have been killed in the war during 150 years 600,000 persons. It is estimated that rum has killed 7,500,000 persons. The great wars of the world for 25 years, from 1852 to 1877, including the Franco-German war and our own civil war, cost a fraction over \$12,000,000,000. The cost of intoxicants for the same period in the United States was more than \$15,000,000,000, or more than \$3,000,000,000 more than all the wars in the world, and for every thousand killed in battle rum kills 12,000.—[New Republic.]

The striking Chicago butchers had no reason to complain of starvation wages. They received from \$24 to \$27 per week, while the common laborers working with them received 50 cents per day more than they could earn elsewhere. At the command of their leaders, however, they surrendered their jobs in thousands. There are armies of educated and capable professional men in the country who would jump at the chance of earning \$27 per week and be glad to work 12 hours to do it.—[Buffalo Courier.]

What Can Be Done?  
By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. Don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister.

Excitement in Texas.  
Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottle of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister.

MULES.  
Twenty good yearling Mules, 15 of them mares, for sale. Call on or address me at Lancaster, Ky. 173-1m  
J. L. YANTIS.

Town Lot For Sale!  
As representative of Mr. W. H. Anderson, I offer for sale privately his neat brick house and lot of two acres on Somerset Avenue in Stanford. The place has all the necessary improvements and is a very desirable one. Call on or address me at Stanford in regard to it.  
162-1t  
P. M. McROBERTS

FOR SALE!  
A valuable Stock Farm containing 312 Acres situated 1 mile from Crab Orchard on the Stanford pike.  
The two new store-rooms and rooms over same, in Stanford, on South side of Main street, built by Owsley & Son. Also the brick residence in which I am now living.  
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IN STANFORD  
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—I have now—  
A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,  
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Full Line of Buggies and Wagons  
Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a  
Complete Stock of Lumber,  
Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as  
Low as any one.  
I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,  
112-1vr  
I. M. BRUCE.

BOURNE!  
—FROM WHENCE—  
No Traveler Returns Sick!  
In these tight times each buyer should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant 50c for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for 40c. To do this is not justice to yourself or family.  
In the next place, you should be sure to get good articles. For goods are dear at any price. No article is so cheap as the one that is cheap. You might as well pay 50c an ounce for saw dust as to buy inferior medicines.  
Bourne has just received his large stock of Medicines of all kinds. Every article fresh from the manufacturers. He now has the most and cheapest selection of fancy goods, show case articles, &c. &c. The celebrated Lamer's Spectacles and eye glasses a specialty. The best brands of mixed paints—every can warranted. Splendid Jewelry, gold, chrome, frames, lamps, brushes, books of all kinds, stationery, a thousand articles for the dear grandma, mother-in-law and the smartest baby in the business—all at  
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While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee-keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Reprints, Farm Questions and Answers, Fire-side Reading, Domestic Economy and a summary of the news of the week. Its market Reports are unusually complete, and much attention is paid to the prospect of the crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important questions. When to buy and when to sell. It is liberally illustrated and is intended to supply in a continually increasing degree and in the best sense of the term, a  
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I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to  
B. G. ALFORD,  
168-  
Agent for J. R. Allford.

MILLINERY.  
I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all  
The Latest Novelties of the Season.  
Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, &c. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Smiley & Warren, next door to the Myers House.  
162-2m  
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References:—Mr. E. Penny, Mr. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Healey, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes Crab Orchard; Geo. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Hoffmann, Lancaster, Ky.  
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LOCAL NOTICES.

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HUNTERS, ATTENTION.—Loaded Cartridges, all sizes of shot, at Penny & McAlister's.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. Dr. G. W. BROWN is visiting friends in Mercer.

—Mr. W. F. RAMSEY went over to Lexington to see his son Louis, who is ill.

—Dr. and Mrs. B. F. WALTER, of Lancaster, were guests of Mr. Richard Walter.

—Mr. C. E. GENTY, wife and babies, of Cincinnati, are visiting his relatives near here.

—Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS METCALF have been visiting his relatives at Nicholasville.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. V. ROWLAND, of Danville, spent several days with Col. and Mrs. Miller.

—Mrs. OWENS, the pretty bride of Dr. J. M. Owens, of Flat Rock, is visiting Mrs. S. M. Owens.

—Miss MARY TAPSCOTT received a telegram Saturday announcing the death of an uncle at Staunton, Va.

—JUDGE M. C. SAUFLEY, R. Burnett, R. C. Warren and E. C. Walton are attending circuit court at Monticello.

—The pretty little West-Enders, Misses Belle and Jesse Cook and Jennie Reid, are visiting Mrs. G. B. Cooper.

—Miss MARY THOMPSON, who has a fine private school at Hustonville, was the guest of Mrs. M. L. Bourne a few days.

—We are indebted to Engineer J. F. LaRue for timely assistance on our engine, which seemed to have an inclination to blow up.

—Mr. JAMES B. COOK, of Hustonville, qualified as deputy clerk yesterday and will, we are glad to say, make Stanford his home for some time.

—Miss ETHEL WRIGHT who has been a pupil in the High School here, has returned to her home in Lincoln county. Miss Ethel is an excellent student and a pleasant young lady. (Monticello Signal.)

—Mr. J. B. FISH, who has served us well as correspondent at Mt. Vernon, is going to locate at Pineville, we regret to say. He is a capital good fellow and the people of that town may take our word for it and receive him to their hearts accordingly.

—The Courier Journal pays this just compliment to Mr. Sam A. Walton: "The new Consul is a gentleman of intelligence, integrity and industry, and his selection for the post of duty to which he has been assigned is an admirable one. He will acquire himself creditably and do honor to his country by his services in the Consular Department. Controller Durham secured his appointment, with Gov. McCreary's assistance."

LOCAL MATTERS.

SAWED poplar and chestnut shingles at Metcalf & Foster's.

JOHN HAM died at Kings Mountain last week of typhoid fever.

TURKEYS WANTED.—I want to buy 2,000 good turkeys at once. A. T. Nunnally.

If you want goods low, come and see us. Our stock is larger than ever before. Metcalf & Foster.

GO see the wonderful Automatic Watch tell time without hands, at the New Jewelry Store.

A NEW and handsome stock of fall goods has just been received by S. H. Shanks. Call and examine them.

OUR stock of ladies' and Misses' wraps is the handsomest brought to this market this season. Owsley & Craig.

HENDERSON the scamp who gets his money by swindling the unwary, was held in Boyle county in \$4,000 bail for getting \$6,800 by fraud from Dr. Burke, and not being able to give it he now sees the light through his glass eye and the Danville jail bars.

EDITOR HANSFORD is the last to bite at that old bait, the *Udler County Gazette*, of January 4, 1869. We have a cart-load in this office just like the one that fooled Hansford and all were struck by a sharp Yankee in 1876 and sold at the Philadelphia Centennial.

THE Danville Tribune has an alleged correspondent that gets his items entire from the Tuesday's issue of this paper for the Friday's issue of that. A notable error in a church announcement was copied, along with the other items, thereby giving the individual dealer away than otherwise.

A CHANGE of schedule went into effect on the L. & N. Sunday. The day train, No. 23, from Louisville, arrives at 12:15 P. M., same as before, but 24, to Louisville, leaves now at 2:10, 15 minutes later. The night express from Louisville, 25, arrives at 1:14 A. M., and 26, bound to Louisville at 2:12 A. M.

HEADQUARTERS for ammunition. McRoberts & Stagg.

HIGHEST market price paid for hides, sheepskins, etc., by A. T. Nunnally.

A FULL line of underwear for both ladies and gentlemen at Owsley & Craig's.

RAISINS, CITRONS, prunes. All new stock and cheap. Metcalf & Foster.

A FULL stock of double, breech and muzzle-loading shot-guns; also loaded shells of all sizes of shot. McRoberts & Stagg.

A FAIR report of the evidence in the Mart Smith case on his application for bail appears in another part of this paper. He was still in jail last night.

THE prisoners in jail under sentences to work might be very profitably employed at various things, filling up that pond in front of the Court-House being one of them.

OUR friend, Mr. D. B. Edmiston, left yesterday to open a store at Crab Orchard. Everybody will regret to have him leave here, but at the same time will wish him great success in his new position.

WE have never seen the mails more out of joint than now. The Cincinnati papers get here any time during the week and the Louisville papers often take from two to four days to put in an appearance. Some racials need turning out badly.

THE Rink is not very largely attended this season, but those who go greatly enjoy the excellent music furnished by the Gold and Silver Band for the skaters and that of the Orchestra for the dancers. Open again next Friday night, with another choice programme.

YOU.—About the 15th of January we will publish a list of individuals who persistently refuse or neglect to pay what is justly our due. We give them all fair warning now and two months' time to do the honest thing. If you owe long due subscriptions or other accounts, this means you.

MERCHANTS and others complain that business is duller here than for years. It is exceedingly dull in our line and the prospect is not encouraging. Many citizens have left and others have sent their money away till the place is nearly as dull as Danville.

WILLIAM HOWARD, the Harlan county man who laid in jail here so long, charged with attempting to assassinate Marshal Rogers, and who finally got out on bail, is in trouble again. He was tried the other day before a United States Commissioner, at Barbourville, on a charge of violating the revenue laws, and was held over in \$500 bond, and, failing to find a surety, was committed to jail to be tried at the next term of the U. S. Court at Covington.

This fellow deceives his looks and talk about as much as any man we ever saw. He must be an arrant scoundrel, but we would never have thought it.

WE learn that the local work for the new History of Kentucky is progressing fairly and will soon be completed for Lincoln county. The writers have arranged with J. W. Alcorn, Esq., to supply a sketch of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry and a sketch of the county is also being prepared by local pens. These interesting sketches, together with a vast amount of other local matter will appear in appendix form to the general State history and will make this history particularly popular and interesting to the people of Lincoln county. The publishers deserve great credit for their efforts in the production of a true and compendious history of our State and people and their book should find a welcome in every representative Kentucky family.

CIRCUIT COURT finally adjourned Saturday. The appeal of E. H. Burnside from the County Court refusing to issue him liquor license was denied by the court and will be taken to the Court of Appeals.

The court appointed Dale Wolford trustee of the jury fund. He voted for Judge Morrow at the last election and this is his reward. It is small, paying about \$80 a year, but it will do as a starter.

Judge Morrow believes in rewarding his political friends and carried his views into effect by changing every officer of his court that he could from examiner up.

The Judge is a mighty clever fellow, but he is a partisan from away back.

There were only four convictions out of 121 Commonwealth cases during the term and one or more of them was upon confession.

Ike Logan for detaining a negro girl against her will was given 60 days in jail and Bud Carter for petty larceny 30 days.

James Walker, who stole \$1175 from another negro at Crab Orchard, was the only man sent to the penitentiary and he got but one year. Three days of the term were lost on account of the election, the Rockcastle case took three days and Mart Smith's bail case one day, making a whole week out of the three that might have gone to civil business that needs attention.

Just before adjourning his court Saturday Judge Morrow entered a peremptory order to the Lincoln County Court composed of the magistrate, to remodel the circuit court-room in such a manner as will put an expense upon the county of not less than \$500, possibly \$1,000. A vestibule is to be built with noiseless doors, the rostrum changed to the east side, carpeted and neatly wainscotted from the auditorium, the floor taken up and laid upon an inclined plane, and so on, for more than a full page of the order book. We never heard any complaint from Judge Owsley, and the people, who have to go down into their pockets to pay an expense not apparently absolutely necessary, will consider it a waste of money.

OUR Dongola Kid Shoe for old Ladies is the most comfortable shoe ever sold here. Owsley & Craig.

THE Courier Journal publishes a picture of Sam Walton in its Sunday's issue that lacks a great deal of doing the handsome fellow justice.

Now would be a good time to have a suit made. My line to select from is large and as I am not particularly rushed with work, I can make you a suit on short notice. H. C. Rupley.

MR. JIM BROOKS tells us that George Moore had a narrow escape at Crab Orchard yesterday. He was sitting on a trunk at the depot, when a freight pulled by at fast speed. He asked Mr. Brooks must be jump on and he replied in fun to go ahead. Moore did so and was thrown between the cars and the platform, breaking his shoulder and perhaps otherwise injuring him.

LOGAN COFFEY, negro, was tried before a colored jury yesterday for beating his wife. The names of the jurors are Bill Cook, Major Hays, Bill Caldwell, Frank Denham, Top Givens, and Will Clay. The case was ably argued by four attorneys and the result was a verdict of ten days in jail and a fine of \$10. What this section needs is more colored jurors if the work of this is a fair sample of what they will do.

MARRIAGES.

—Jim Craig says everybody will be surprised to-day by a marriage that they had not heard a word of—but then Jim doesn't always know.

—A pretty little romance is told in the Louisville papers about John L. Summers and Miss Janie Van Arsdale. Seven years ago Janie, who lived in Washington county, Ky., married John, a thrifty trader of the adjoining county of Marion, much against the wishes of her father, who is said to be wealthy. Six months after marriage the husband failed in business and left for Texas, hoping to redeem his fortune. He promised his wife to return for her as soon as he became settled, but in an unfortunate bar-room row a man was killed and upon circumstantial evidence Summers was sent to the penitentiary for 15 years. This was seven years ago. Recently the governor pardoned Summers and he returned to Kentucky to find to his sorrow that the irate father of his wife had induced her to procure a divorce from him. He sought her, the old love that was still smouldering burst forth in brilliant flame again and as soon as they could they set out for Jeffersonville and for the second time took upon themselves the vows of matrimony. Immediately afterwards they left for Texas, apparently all the happier for the break in their domestic relations.

RELIGIOUS.

—Eld. J. S. Sweeney will go to Clifton Forge, Va., to dedicate a Christian church November 27.

—The cathedral of St. Peter at Pittsburg burned, causing a loss with the valuable pictures it contained of \$30,000.

—Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D. D. L. D., professor of theology at Princeton College, is dead, aged 63 years.

—A great revival of religion has been in progress for the last week on Sinking. Rev. Sims conducted the meeting and had 45 conversions. (Monticello Signal.)

—The total amount of money appropriated for missions by the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions is nearly \$1,000,000, over one-half of which goes to foreign fields.

—From statistics just published it appears that the Baptists in the United States have 29,953 churches with a membership of 2,572,238, an increase in churches during the year of 345 and of members 64,485. (N. Y. Tribune.)

—A new religious sect is not a great desideratum, but Panora, Ia., has come forward with something new in this line. It poses under the title of "The Corners Out," as its members have come out of other churches.

—The pastor of the Methodist church has inaugurated an innovation on the established custom in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It has been the rule to take it only at quarterly meetings. Hereafter there will be one service between each of those meetings.

—Brother Barnes writes to the INTERIOR JOURNAL as follows: "We expect to go from here to Independence, Kenton county, Ky., on the 24th, and from there on the 30th to Stanford, beginning at the latter place Dec. 1. We start South (D. V.) on the 15th of that month. We are in full houses here."

—Rev. Percy G. Elsom, of the Theological Seminary, Louisville, and formerly the pastor of the Fulton Street Baptist church, Richmond, Va., preached two fine discourses here Sunday and added to the good opinion he had created on a former visit. The church has called him to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Rev. J. M. Bruce and he has taken the matter under consideration and will announce his decision when he comes again next Sunday.

Mr. Elsom has also been honored by being elected president of the Literary Society at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—The United Presbyterians in convention at Pittsburg are worshipping their unmusical souls over the organ in churches and have resolved that "instrumental music in connection with the worship of God being without the authority of divine appointment under the New Testament dispensation, and therefore a corruption of that worship it is our duty to refuse in any way to countenance or support its use; and we therefore counsel our brethren to stand firm and not defile or wound their consciences by any compliance with that which is contrary to conscience or in regard to

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—WANTED.—CORN, T. R. Walton.

—Car load fresh Salt at T. R. Walton's.

—Twenty yearling mules sold recently in Harrison county at \$75 per head.

—Now is the time to buy extra fine Short-horn bulls cheap at A. M. Feland.

—Chicago received 119,361 sheep in October, which is the largest total ever known.

—Thirty acres of unimproved land 2½ miles from Lexington sold at \$100 per acre.

—J. E. Bruce bought of sundry Garrard county farmers 250 head of 275 pound hogs at \$3.

—Wanted, 100,000 bushels of Irish potatoes on care at Stanford, Ky. Address J. A. Ferrell, Shelby City, Ky.

—Ten acres of corn that will average a barrel to the shock sold in Woodford at \$15 per acre. A hundred hogs sold at \$3.

—Prince Charlie, Dan Swiger's noted imported stallion, valued at \$20,000, died at Elmendorf, in Fayette county, Friday, October.

—The great race mare Lizzie Dwyer, belonging to the Carrigan stable, died at Wilson & Treacy's stable at Lexington, Saturday, of pneumonia.

—Sam Bell sold 47 cattle to Geo. Becker at \$4 and gave a bonus of \$7. Ike Cunningham also sold 36 to same at \$4.10, which averaged about 1,550 lbs. (Paris News.)

—Of 17,392,099 persons engaged in all kinds of occupations in the United States at the last census, there were 4,225,945 farmers and planters with rights in the soil and 3,323,876 agricultural laborers.

—D. N. Prewitt shipped 2 cars of sheep yesterday, 120 pounds average, which cost from 2½ to 3 cents. M. P. Salles has sold his crop of wheat, about 2,500 bushels, to Benjamin Slaughter at 71 cents per bushel.

Snow & Bruce bought from Jerry Owens 15 two year-old feeding cattle, 1,230 pounds weight, at \$4.40. Mr. Owens to take them back July 15th at \$5.25. (Danville Advocate.)

—We have been having some blistering cold weather.

—J. W. Miller has received his commission as Police Judge of Mt. Vernon.

—D. N. Williams has been assigned to duty at the distillery warehouse of William Clarke on Brush Creek, this county.

—We very respectfully, but earnestly ask all persons who are indebted to us to call at once and settle. M. C. & D. N. Williams.

—Mr. T. N. Roberts will be the editor of the Mt. Vernon column as long as he remains at this place. My next letter will probably be from another place.

—S. W. Parris has been quite sick for the past week. Andy Masen was caught between two tram cars at the mouth of Brush creek, one day last week and had his foot very badly crushed.

—Miss May Adams is home from Harrodsburg on a visit James Reynolds, of Stanford, is visiting relatives in this county.

Aus. Reid, "big and little" John Jackson, C. N. Scoville, Mart Conniff and the Messrs. Hatcher, of London, were in town last night.

—F. B. McClary, of Barbourville, Ky; formerly a citizen of this place, died last Friday night, and his body was brought to Brodhead and buried in the family burying-ground on Sunday. The funeral was conducted by the Masonic lodges of Barbourville, London, Mt. Vernon and Brodhead. A large crowd attended the funeral.

THE pay train on the L. & N. arrived yesterday, square on time, as usual.

—Square dinner plates and general assortment of dishes are growing in fashionable favor, to fit the other popular features of a square meal.

—Jacob Frazier and Joseph Harris, of Hoxan Detective agency, Cincinnati, were arrested and placed under bond of \$500 each at Louisville, charged with perjury in an election case.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Rent.

Two good homes—the Wm. Hays and Moore property. [172-4] F. REID, Stanford.

JESSE J. THOMPSON, THE TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Shaving and Hair-Cutting done in the latest style. Ladies and Children given particular attention. [163-1m]

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

—OF A—

Fine Blue - Grass Farm.

Lincoln Circuit Court, October term, 1886. Wyatt Sandidge's Hrs., pifs., vs Wyatt Sandidge's Hrs., defts. In Equity. Pursuant to a judgment rendered in the above styled case, at the October term, 1886, of the Lincoln Circuit Court, I will as Commissioner of said court, on

Thursday, November 18, 1886,

At the mansion house on the premises, sell to the highest bidder the following described tract of land, situated on the waters of Harris Creek, four miles from Hustonville on the Louisville and Hustonville pike, 8 miles from Danville, containing 177 A. 1 E. and 30 poles, it being the farm upon which Wyatt Sandidge lived in his life time.

Said farm is well improved and has upon it a good frame dwelling house of 5 rooms and all necessary outbuildings, a young bearing orchard of five acres. The entire farm is of the best of land, well watered and all in grass.

Said sale will be made on a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months. Bonds with approved security required with 6 per cent. from day of sale until paid and having the force and effect of judgments. A lien will be retained on the land as additional security for the payment of the purchase money.

G. H. DAVISON, Master Commissioner Lincoln Circuit Court.

Also, at the same time and place W. W. and P. C. Sandidge, as Executors of the last will of Margaret Sandidge, will sell to the highest and best bidder about 100 acres of knob land adjoining the above described tract. Also 3 Cows and Calves, 1 family Horse, Household and Kitchen Furniture, five shares of stock in the Farmers National Bank of Stanford.

Terms of Sale.—All sums under \$10 cash in hand; over that amount, a credit of 60 days without interest.

W. W. SANDIDGE

FOR CASH!  
THE SLAUGHTER COMMENCED  
THE CHANCE IS YOURS.

We will from this date until further notice sell everything in the Jewelry line AT COST. Our stock of Jewelry, Silverware and Clocks is complete and the latest styles. You need not ask the reason of this slaughter; it is enough to know that this is your opportunity.

Bring the money with you. We will positively sell only for Cash.

Penny & McAlister.

T. R. WALTON,

—Dealer In—

GROCERIES,  
PROVISIONS,  
HARDWARE,  
TINWARE,  
GLASSWARE,  
QUEENSWARE,  
Confections,  
Tobaccos,  
Cigars,

COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.

STANFORD, KY.

New Canned Goods and other Seasonable Goods, such as New Raisins, Citron, Currants, &c, now in stock.

Salt, Lard Cans and Jars, Butcher Knives, and other things used in Hog-Killing.

GOOD GOODS!  
FAIR PRICES!

H. C. RUPLEY,  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Fall and Winter,

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotton Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.

TOWER'S SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FIRST BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the fiercest storm. The new POMPEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" label.

MADE IN MASS.

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## WALL STREET'S "PUTS," "CALLS," "SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."

Mr. Russell Sage the inventor of These Ingenious Speculative Devices—A Confidential Clerk Explains Them to an Inquiring Novice.

Mr. Russell Sage was the pioneer who invented "puts," "calls," "spreads" and "straddles." He began dealing in them when he first came to Wall street in 1861, after his withdrawal from congress, and he has been dealing in them ever since; and the stock markets of the world have taken up this ingenious speculative device of Mr. Sage's, and stock privileges are just as well known on the continent as they are here, and they are largely dealt in. Perhaps not so largely as here, because the device is American and an outcome of American genius, but transatlantic speculators could not fail to see the advantages they offered and have performed adopted them. London declares that the nomenclature, so far as "spreads" and "straddles" are concerned, is not refined, and call them differently, but what they deal in are American stock privileges just the same.

MADE AS CLEAR AS DAY.  
"And what are 'puts,' 'calls,' 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" asked the writer when he first went down on Wall street.  
"Well," said John E. McCann, the confidential clerk of Russell Sage, of whom the question was asked, "I'll tell you if you promise never to mention the poetical subject again. It requires pretty deft wording to make the thing clear, so it is not an exhilarating subject to talk on. You hear a good deal about 'puts' and 'calls,' but I venture to say there are 50,000,000 persons in the United States who do not know what they are, nor what the meaning is of the word 'spreads.' Now a 'put' is a contract by which the maker of it, Russell Sage, S. V. Waite, Jay Gould or Harvey Kennedy, engages to purchase from the holder in the one case, or to sell to the holder in the other case, a number of shares of some specified stock, at a certain price at any time within a certain period at the option of the holder. Got that?"

A "CALL" EXPLAINED.  
"A 'call' is a privilege bought of the maker at a certain price, and the owner of it is privileged to call for certain amount of stock at a given price, within thirty, sixty or ninety days, four or six months. If a man holds a 'put' he has the right to deliver to the maker of the privilege a stock at a certain agreed on price within a certain number of days. Clear? No. Well, let's try once more.

"Suppose Western Union is selling at 70. A man wants a 'put' on it at 66, because he believes the stock is going down. He gives Mr. Sage, Mr. Waite, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Gould 1 per cent, on the amount of stock he wants to deal in. A hundred shares is usual, and 1 per cent is \$100. He receives in return a slip of paper signed by either one or the other of these gentlemen. Then if Western Union goes below 66 within sixty days, he may buy it for whatever it is selling for below that price and 'put' it to the maker of the privilege at the price agreed on, 66, and receive a check for \$6,000. The holder makes the difference. Ah, you understand. If the telegraph does not go below 66 the holder is out his \$100. The 'call' business operates exactly in the opposite way. A man buys the privilege of calling Western Union at 75 when it is selling at 70. If it sells above 75, you can call on the maker of the privilege for 100 shares at 75, and the 100 shares are bought by the holder for \$7,500, and he turns around and sells it at 80, if the stock is selling there, and pockets the difference."

"SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."  
"What about 'spreads' and 'straddles'?"  
The holder of one may 'put' stock to the maker of the privilege, and 'call' for it. 'Straddles' come high because there is money in them whichever way the market may go. If the market does not go all, but stands still, why, the maker is in the money he has been paid for the privilege, usually about 3 per cent., or \$300. A 'spread' is also a 'put' and a 'call' combined, but there is this difference, a 'straddle' is made at the market. That is to say, the maker of the privilege takes the risk that the stock in question does not move to any extent from the price at which it is selling when the privilege is sold. In a 'spread' the maker has more leeway. If Western Union is selling at 70, to go back to the old illustration, the maker of the privilege sells a 'spread,' say at 67 and 80. If it goes below 67, the holder can 'put' the stock and make the difference, and if it goes above 80, the holder can 'call' it at that price and reap the profits. But so long as the price of the stock keeps within those points the maker of the privilege is safe. To put it in another way, the holder of a 'straddle' will make it for the market for the stock he is dealing in moves at all. The holder of a 'spread' must make anything until the market moves past certain limits. There is one thing more, the maker of a privilege only receives the money for which he sells the privilege, while the holder may make thousands—or nothing.—New York Mail and Express.

Streets of the French Capital.  
The streets of Paris are the best in the world, and its boulevards lined with trees and having sidewalks 20 feet wide for miles in different directions through the various parts of the city. The pavements of the sidewalks are generally smooth flagstones, and that of the roadway asphalt, wood or stone blocks evenly laid and free from holes. The streets are kept scrupulously clean. They are washed every morning with a hose, and swept so well that one might drop a handkerchief and pick it up without soiling it. The smoothness of the streets takes away the noise found in the chief thoroughfares of New York or London. The 15,000 cabs and numberless other vehicles glide silently over the smooth roads, and an ordinary conversational tone can be pleasantly used upon the promenade.—Frank J. Carpenter in Cleveland Leader.

The Sale of Lincoln's Photographs.  
The sale of President Lincoln's picture remains steady, and dealers are never without it. It is not a generally known fact that there is not one negative of President Lincoln in existence. This negative, which was taken by Brady, of Washington, is broken into two parts, the break having occurred just above the shoulder and extending almost perpendicularly, including a little to the right, the longer way of the plate. Unless the picture is examined very closely, however, it would not be guessed that it was printed from a broken plate.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

In a Paris Restaurant.  
A diner to the master, who is walking round—Look at this beefsteak. It is so hard that I cannot cut it.  
The master to one of his waiters—Jules, give monsieur a better knife.

Raisin Making.  
At Santa Ana, Cal., raisin making is in full blast. Most people are laying down their own grapes, as there appear to be no buyers in the field for raisin grapes.

## WHAT A DANCEUSE SAYS OF IT—NOT A DIFFICULT FEAT AT ALL.

A Cincinnati ballet girl expert gives some testimony from one of his friends, a danceuse, who says: "I walk upon my toes just as easy as you do upon the soles of your feet."

"Is not the shoe made extra stiff, or, as some suppose, do you not brace it at the point?" queried the scribbler.  
"Not at all," replied the little Vivian, smiling, and immediately she pulled off her shoe and presented it to the newsmen.

And what a shoe it was! A butter ball lamp would answer almost as well, but still when upon the lady's foot it was anything but unsightly. "The strength is neither in the shoe nor the toes," continued the lady, as she scribbled the little pink foot casing again and again; "it is in the ankles. One must practice for months before they can go on their 'points'; but the ankle and not the toes is the part to be strengthened."

Yielding, then, to the curiosity of years, the reporter asked, and quite timidly: "Might I be permitted to see your foot?"  
"Certainly," replied the premiere, "why not?" and directly it was in his hand.  
"The public have queer notions of us people of the stage, I have no doubt," said the dancer, "but the idea that a ballet dancer's feet are corned and blisters or knocked out of joint is all a mistake, as you will see by mine. Here, let me stand upon my toes."

And jumping lightly upon a table, the lively Vivian twirled upon the toes of her left foot as lightly indeed as a butterfly upon a blossom.

"The public does not know just where the hardship comes in," replied she, laughing.

"The toes, you will see, do not bend, and I am right upon the tips. Nor are my feet bruised or battered; but, oh! the long years of toil and the weary hours of practice. Usually one begins at 6 or 7 years of age, and goes on until 16 or 17 before a debut is made, and even then the practice must be kept up. It is not to harden the toes, but to strengthen the muscles and make supple the limbs. We must go even now every day to the theatre, and for hours it is a ceaseless up and down—now on the 'points' and now whirling about, so that the limbs may not grow stiff."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Small Feet of Southern Women.

A lady of medium height may have a finely shaped foot such as common rumor gives to Mrs. Cleveland, but in the south a No. 3½ slipper is usually designated as dainty. Probably 2½ is as large as the term will stand. People who frequent southern ball-rooms and summer resorts comment upon the fact that extremely small feet, feet measured in slippers running from 1 to 2½ are largely in the majority. Not many years since this subject was discussed in a ball room in Macon and experts were able to discover out of eighteen pairs present and twirling in the mazes of the dance but three numbers larger than 2½, and in the assembly were dancers who would have tipped the beam at 185.

This preponderance of small feet in the south among ladies of high social standing has been accounted for on many theories, the most natural one, we think, being the explanation that these ladies do not use their feet with the freedom and constancy that may be observed in other sections. They are not walkers, in the first place. It is a rare thing to find in southern cities ladies of the class described who average two miles walking per day the year round. Climate and roadways, as well as custom, are against pedestrian exercise; the feet are small because they are not fully developed by use. Of course, we speak in a general sense, because, there are families in which small feet are clearly an inheritance and continue small despite exercise continuous and severe.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Salt for Cleaning Tobacco Pipes.

A Celtic friend of mine, who possesses more than the average hopefulness of his sanguine race, met me on Chestnut street with a smile as broad as a full moon. "Me fortune's made, me boy," said he. "I haven't it quite in me fist yet, but it's as sure as death and the tax rate!" When pressed to reveal what extraordinary good luck had befallen him, my friend drew up into the shadow of the Girard house, and after looking carefully about him, breathed into my expectant ear the word "Salt!" I waited for a further explanation, and it came after my friend had observed, of course, that his startling announcement had had time to make the proper impression. "I haven't it patented yet," he said "but it's surely worth it. I'll tell you what it is. While smoking my favorite clay pipe last week I noticed that it was pretty strong and I laid it aside and bought a new one. The idea struck me that something was needed in the bottom of the pipe to absorb the oil of the tobacco, and without any aid of its worth I tried a pinch of salt. Well, sir, as true as I'm a Christian, that salt proved to be the very thing. It took up all the nicotine, and the pipe to-day is as sweet as when I got it. Barring a few salty mouthfuls you get on the first whiff or two, there is nothing finer in the world."—Philadelphia News.

Graveyard Geography.

There have been numerous reasons given to account for the fact that the north sides of churchyards are so often devoid of graves. In the west of England there is an idea that the north side was not consecrated, but was left for a playground for the children. Then, some again say it is from the tradition that Jesus, when dying, turned his head to the south. Another reason given is that the south is the sunny side, and the side where the church door commonly is placed, and where, consequently, most people pass. The commonest reason appears to be that formerly murderers, excommunicated persons, stillborn children, etc., were wont to be buried on the north side, and some rusticus say that ghosts always choose the north side for their peregrinations. There is, however, an ecclesiastical reason. The east is God's side, where His throne is set; the west man's side, the Galilee of the Gentiles; the south, where the sun is in its strength, is the side of the angels and spirits; the north, the devoted region of Satan and his hosts, the lair of demons and their haunt.—Chicago Tribune.

Brokers Can Box.

Howell Osborn, the son of the late "Charley" Osborn, who was for years Jay Gould's broker, and who died worth \$7,000,000, is one of the best boxers on the Stock Exchange, and now that he is to retire with an income of \$100,000 a year, granted him by his mother on condition that he leave Wall street, he may have more time to perfect himself in his favorite science, which he has studied under able preceptors. In fact, Wall street brokers hire broken down prize fighters to instruct them in the manly art, and some of these worthies actually visit the street and give lessons to their patrons there. It is not safe for a Sixth ward rough to insult some rather dandified-looking broker; there is danger of their letting go their right with the force of the hind limb of a displaced mule.—Cincinnati Sun.

An Order to the Grocer.

"I want an empty barrel of flour to make a henocrop for my buldog," was the greeting a man gave to a New London (Conn.) grocer the other day.

## HOW MUSIC IS MADE.

## EXAMINATION OF THE MANUSCRIPTS RECEIVED BY THE PUBLISHER.

The Song "Put in Hand"—The Work of Transferring the "Copy" to Metal Plates—The Engraving of the Title, Press Work.

"The way to cook a rabbit is to first catch a rabbit," etc., applies forcibly to the initial process of producing a musical composition in sheet form, and it may be further added that manuscripts worth publishing are as hard to secure as the traditional rabbit. As all large music publishing concerns are constantly in receipt of manuscripts sent for examination and sale, it becomes necessary to inspect each composition as soon as possible, otherwise they would accumulate to such an extent that a separate examination would be next to impossible.

For this purpose is employed a thoroughly educated and practical musician—one who not only performs at sight, but who is also a master of harmony and composition. After carefully trying over each piece, and noting his opinion thereon, the result may be the selection of one or two manuscripts out of perhaps fifty, the balance being returned to their respective authors marked "rejected."

THE SONG "PUT IN HAND."

We will suppose that one of the pieces recommended by the inspector is a song. The publisher now holds a manuscript which in the opinion of his inspector is worth publishing, that is, it has some point of excellence that might result in the piece becoming popular. The next step is to read the letter sent by the writer of the song, and if the author's demands are deemed reasonable his terms are accepted and the song is "put in hand," not, however, before the publisher has first satisfied himself that the words are correct and suitable, and that the title is not already in use.

The manuscript is then taken by the engraver, who, seated at his table, begins the work of transferring to metal plates the "copy" before him. For this purpose he employs a hammer and a multitude of small steel dies, each of which represents a character of music, in fact everything from a brace to a double bar, and from a grace note to a "sixty-fourth," besides rests, slurs, crescendo, and a full set of the alphabet in various sizes, such as agate, nonpareil, primer, etc. Upon the table before him rests a slab of iron about two feet square by two inches thick. This is the anvil (on which is laid the metal plate aforementioned). The latter is composed of white metal and is one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The surface is highly polished and resembles burnished silver. With the aid of compasses, rules and other peculiar tools, the lines, bars, etc., are laid out, after which the engraver proceeds to fill in the music and words, and thus each plate is treated until the song is finished.

THE ENGRAVING OF THE TITLE.

While the music engraver is busy with his manuscript and dies, the title engraver is not idle. By a process exactly similar to bank note or steel engraving this individual prepares the title, which, as an obvious necessity, must be entirely original in design, both in lettering and ornamentation. The metal plates used for titles are the same as those used for music.

The music plates and title being finished, proofs are taken from them and submitted to the music inspector, who carefully examines each page and makes the necessary corrections, after which they are returned to the engraver. The latter individual having made the designated changes or additions, passes the plates to the superintendent of the press room, where they are in turn given to a pressman.

The press used is the same as employed in steel plate printing, and can therefore only be worked by hand. This process is necessarily slow and tedious, but it is the only method by which first class sheet music can be made. After the music is printed the music sheets, which are still wet, are hung upon racks to dry. The drying process consumes about two or three hours, when they are taken down, folded and put in a press, where they are usually left over night. In the morning they are taken out and we have before us a pile of elegant plate music, "the latest song of the season." "Plate" editions will always be preferred by all who appreciate music that can be easily read; in fact, to those accustomed to plate work "type music" seems like no music.—Musical Journal.

Mr. Van Buren and the Oysters.  
Gen. Eaton invited one evening Jackson, Van Buren, the French minister, Gen. Cass and several other gentlemen to come and assist in disposing of a barrel of oysters just sent him from Norfolk. A few moments after the arrival of the distinguished party the butler announced that the oysters were ready. Mrs. Eaton led the way escorted by Mr. Van Buren, and as he approached the kitchen door he exclaimed: "Good heavens! mankind, where are you going to take us?" To the kitchen, of course," replied Mrs. Eaton cheerfully.

Mrs. Eaton was a model housewife in her day, taking as much pride in her kitchen as in her parlor, and as she threw open the door a novel sight presented itself. The floor was as white as soap and water could make it and covered with fine white sand. The tables looked like boxwood, and the tins were as bright as mirrors. Added to this the appetizing odor of oysters roasted in the shell, the novelty of the occasion, and the sightly words of the hostess, one would suppose that Mr. Van Buren might melt into a state of pleasurable. But on the contrary, his features reflected only his inability to enjoy a frolic of this kind, and he sat uprightly and unsmiting until toward the end of the impromptu feast, when he turned toward Mrs. Eaton and said: "This is the first meal of the kind, served in like manner, I have ever indulged in, but I trust it will not be the last. I think oysters never had such a delicious taste before."—Ben. Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

When Doctors Disagree.

I am in despair. Wishing to be healthy as long as I live, I have been following Mr. Gladstone's example, and laboriously biting every mouthful of meat twenty-five times before swallowing it. This, it seems, has been labor lost, for I now read a letter in "The Times" from a sage explaining that meat is digested by the stomach juices, not twenty-five bites, or even any bites at all, because its digestive fluid is acid, whereas the secretions of the mouth are alkaline, and neutralize the digestion of flesh food.—London Truth.

Circumventing Caterpillars.

A thing with which they circumvent caterpillars in Boston and New York parks is a bell of iron with a circular trough containing kerosene. The iron band fits around the trunk of the tree, and when climbing the caterpillar attempts to pass the trough of oil it is overcome by the fumes, and falls back dead.—New York Letter.

Farms Run by Indians.

There are 140 farms on the Fort Hill reservation, Idaho, run by Indians, and 787 acres are under cultivation. They own thirty-seven mowers and two reapers, bought with their own money.—Chicago Herald.

[Written for the Interior Journal.]

## BY PATHS.

Just tarry a moment, my boys,  
I've something to say unto you,  
And all of the words that I utter  
Shall be very honest and true.  
I heard you inquire at the village  
If the road that you traveled was right,  
And how many miles you could journey  
Until overtaken by night.

I've followed that I might direct you  
Upon a safe route that I found,  
And to warn you, my boys, of the by-paths;  
For some of them run under the ground.  
One leads to the left o'er a valley,  
Upon it I pray you don't go;  
For the cultures sower over the hollow,  
And carcasses come from below.

Another runs close to the highway,  
And Satan walks there in disguise,  
With glasses of liquor to greet you,  
And drinks that will dissipate sighs.  
His home is infested with reptiles  
That hiss while you're entering in,  
Beware—on the door is a placard,  
And it spells but two words—"Gamboling Den."

And many temptations and vices,  
My men would abhor here to touch,  
Will smile in their gaudy apparel—  
Beware of the poison-oak's clutch.  
So journey straight forward, my boys,  
The sunshine's a brave, trusty guide,  
And it may be that all through your journey  
This warm friend will walk at your side.

But if darkness should overtake you,  
And the hill become story and steep,  
A pray'r will make down your pillow  
Like Jacob's, as sweet be your sleep.  
The morning will shake from its slumbers  
Sweet dew on your slumbering eyes,  
And song birds will greet your awaking,  
And angels look down from the skies.

The road that was dusty and lonesome  
Will lead under arches of trees,  
And, like a sweet word in the memory,  
A flower-breath come on the breeze.  
Broad fields will advance, and the harvest  
Will ripen as if for your view,  
And rivers so calm in their winding  
You'll lose in the horizon's blue.

So journey straight forward, my boys,  
This route to the uplands will lead.  
Let courage advance with the banner  
When you're on the motto agreed.  
A signal of cheer will pursue thee,  
And, countenanced like an old friend,  
A figure will wave from the valley  
Above the hill-top you stand.

Madisonville, Ky., Nov. 1st.

KATYDID.

## MON REVE.

Last eve as the curtain of night rang down  
On the closing act of the dying day,  
And the angel of sleep spread her pinions white  
O'er the weary and sad, as well as the gay.

I dreamed—a dream both sad and sweet,  
A vision of sadness my fancy did weave,  
While over all so wondrously sweet  
Fell the soft and plaintive strains of Mon Reve.

'Neath the spreading boughs of the whispering  
trees,  
Where the moonbeams kiss the blue bells' feet,  
Wandered two forms of youthful grace,  
Filled with the joy of a love dream sweet.

He in his manly beauty so brave—  
Tall and strong with wealth and power;  
She is only a frail, weak girl,  
With beauty rare her only dower.

He face so full of trusting love  
Is fitted to meet his dark eyes bright,  
Through those gray eyes she loved so well,  
Her glowing stars of hope and light.

He has brought her forth 'neath the quiet star  
To say good-bye, for they part to-night;  
Though not for long, he whispers low,  
As he sees her beautiful face grow white.

I will come to you when the trees grow red,  
And the Autumn flowers in beauty stand,  
When your silver moon has golden grown,  
And the frost-kissed strews his pearls o'er the land.

Be brave, sweetheart, and do not grieve,  
Our love will brighten and stronger grow;  
Trust me ever as you have to-night;  
This parting our loyalty will show.

He clasps the slender form to his heart,  
And draws the drooping head to his breast,  
While his kisses warm seek her ruby lips,  
And there a moment he seeks their rest.

Farewell, my love, I must leave you now;  
Mark how the blue eyes fill with pain,  
As she lifts a stem through her blinding tears,  
From the breast where she'll never rest again.

One lingering kiss, a hurried caress—  
He is gone! and the girl is left alone,  
The blue-bells bow at sight of his grief,  
And the tall old pine trees whisper and moan.

The days have passed and the silvery moon  
Has golden grown, and the flowers are dead—  
Dead as the hope in the heart is now,  
When she thinks of the words that might be said.

How could she know he was so untrue?  
He was only thinking to play a part—  
Was only won by her beauty rare—  
What did he care that he broke her heart?

Her face, as I see it in my dream,  
Is white, and her lips are drawn with pain;  
While before me she holds, in letters bright  
Neatly! Ah, we will meet again.

Oh! how her sad heart beats aloud  
To live o'er again that fatal night,  
When the blue-bells breathed their dewy breath,  
And a crescent moon made the world so bright.

The vision is past, but it seems to me  
That I'll dream again of the youth and maid—  
That they'll meet again on fairer fields,  
And the debt she owes him will then be paid.

He will, I think, yet see at her feet,  
For the heart he only won to break;  
Mon Reve sob lies and dies away,  
My dream is over, and I am awake.

—BESSIE HARRIS IN C. J.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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